

CHAPMAN THE TYRANT OF THE TENDERLOIN.



PREPARING FOR A RAID.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

WHAT the pure mugwump is in politics; what the Evening Post is in newspapers, that is Chapman of the police. A mere mugwump of the metropolitan force is this person in power and blue.

"The man is a mugwump!" yelled old Walker, of Massachusetts, while engaged in belaboring George Fred Williams in the House of Representatives; "the man, Mr. Speaker, is a mere mugwump. And, Mr. Speaker," continued Walker in a sudden burst quite unusual with the old shoe merchant—"and, Mr. Speaker, a mugwump is a man who has been educated beyond his capacity."

This term "educated" in the narrow sense of common use would be unfair to Chapman. He is not "educated" in any bookish meaning. He is a conversationalist of the "has went," "I seen," and "have came" kind; and whenever Chapman waxes voluble, which is as often as he finds an audience of sympathetic sort, the ghosts of Lindley Murray and all other grammatical spooks wring their shadowy hands in that feeling of horrible helplessness which now and then good ghosts must feel who watch and listen at this earth below.

But "educated" in the guise of being trusted with power beyond his capacity, this tyrant of the Tenderloin truly is; and in that kind he is a mugwump and therefore a menace. Chapman on his merits—or demerits—is a thing so slight, so vain, so shallow, that he would not be worth any serious slaughtering, full of core and hard knocks. Per se, there is not much to Chapman. But this very weakness and vagabondy make our "war-lord" of the Tenderloin—as Kaiser Wilhelm would phrase it—all the more dangerous. The merciful claim of the English common law, made into a charitable aphorism, is that it is better that one hundred guilty men escape than that one innocent man suffer. Chapman, full of foggy self-sufficiency, conscious of himself and but little besides, does not understand that this maxim of legal mercy applies as well to women. Within the fortnight, and more times than once, by Chapman inspiration, his azure lackeys and myrmidons have hated to an all-night cell several of the most respectable women of New York on charges of villainy and moral turpitude.

These ladies were innocent. They were only walking upon the street. They were spotted to all save the muddy, morbid conjectures of such as Chapman and his crew. They were assaulted, handled by these roughs in uniforms and locked up to sob hysterically all night and carry the horror of it in their memory to their graves; not for that they did wrong, but because Chapman "thought"—if one cares to call that person's mental movements—"thought"—wrong. It is for this capacity for bull-head outrage on his part; because of his miserable ability to blunder in this sensitive behalf, that the Board will do publicly well when it puts Chapman off the rolls and off the force where his powers of harm will be paralyzed by his private estate. More than one good woman has fallen to the clutch of Chapman, to be sold for life in name, fame, and sensibility. Is this no wrong? Does this cry for no cure? As affairs stand, Chapman himself is the greatest danger of the Tenderloin. And the Board should see to it.

If Chapman has a parallel it is found in the soubrette. Talk with him some day. You will see a man in whose face there are no fine lines; every curve of him is vulgar; every angle shows underbreeding. There is, however, naught of wickedness in Chapman. He is not one to be bribed or do malicious wrong. The man is honest enough and on his outward journeyings moral enough. But he is weak, of slight powers to think, of much natural pomposity, and, above all, vain. No painted corymb, in lights and powder, waits more anxiously in the wings to "come on" than does Chapman. He is always breathless to "come on." And those hours when Chapman finds himself off the stage of publicity are dull and worthless measures of time to Chapman.

Talk with him, I say. The man is a sublime egotist. He will tell you of himself. If you speak of the smoke-filled 60s Chapman will tell you of his "army" past. He will recount his career as a "sharpshooter" and speak unctuously, as one who has been the "Johnnies" he picked off and killed. Of course, as you look at the forceful face, which would be kind were not every other sentiment swamped by the self-conceit thereon expressed, you realize that if Chapman killed anybody in those stirring war days it was at the longest possible range, and that he (Chapman) was a very sharp shooter indeed. As you become assured of Chapman's harmless war past the horror that started at his tales to curdle and chill you sensibly abates.

When Chapman has waded with you ankle deep in verbal gore from Bull Run to the Wilderness, he will leap all barriers of intervening time and at once bring you

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN IS DEFIANT.

The report that I have instructed my men to let up in the work they are doing is false. I want them to keep it up. I have got no idea of backing down, and I do not believe that the Police Commissioners have conspired me for what I am doing. I fought with General Grant, and, to use his words, "I'm going to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."—Captain Chapman in an interview yesterday.

down to the day—not much over a year ago—when he was made a "captain." He has been twenty years on the police force, but he was, even in his own mind, made to defer his blossoming until he became a captain. And as he relates himself as a captain, you will note that his whole account is made-up of the arrests of women, with the Seelye dinner started as his supreme moment. That to Chapman was the true climax of his career; it was at the Seelye dinner Chapman touched the highest point of all his greatness.

But as Chapman talks, there are sundry curious matters which you will observe and others you will remember; all and any of which tell a whole story of Chapman. Aside from the unedification and vulgarity and low mental stature of the man, you will observe that he talks of nothing but Chapman. He is his own hinge, his own pivot; and every word and every thought of Chapman swings egotistically on Chapman. It is then you reflect that the Tenderloin raids of our officer has not so much the reformation of the women, or the protection of the good folk, as the narrow grace and glory of Chapman for their inspiration. It is not to uphold a law's majesty; it is to feed Chapman's petty instinct to cheaply meddle and grow tremendous with the weak that this mugwump of police makes of himself a Nemesis to pursue the women of the Tenderloin. You will observe, too, as Chapman talks, that he does not know the difference between fame and notoriety; between music and noise. So the row is about Chapman, our pouter-pigeon of the police is as well satisfied—better, perhaps—with a base drum solo as with the performance of the best orchestra. You will also, as Chapman talks, reflect that this man makes a specialty of his own picture. One hangs in a low concert place, the gift (presumably) of Chapman. His face, with side whiskers set wing and wing, like a schooner yacht before the breeze of his own self-sufficiency, is further made to adorn label buttons.

Chapman is a better camera customer than any tawdry actress of the town, and is never so well pleased as when shown his own photograph. Yes; he has his use for them. You will recall that he exchanged pictures with that young woman who did not appear at the Seelye dinner, but who complained instead to Chapman of the sordid doings of that band of feeding sap-heads, and procured Chapman's interference with their feast.

But beyond all and over all you come suddenly, as Chapman rambles ungrammatically onward with the story of his life, to think of an extraordinary matter about Chapman. It is this: His sole aim is the pursuit and arrest of women. No one ever heard of his apprehending any bank breakers, or footpads, or snafubbers, or male criminals of sterner sort. He has no wider, thief-taking fame such as Byrnes enjoyed. All the sculps at the Chapman belt have long, soft hair; they are the sculps of women.

Now this of itself marks Chapman as an unusual, and, I must add, a suspicious form of personage. Men—and by the word I mean the normal, healthy male of the species—do not naturally arrest women, or look on them in any spirit of roughness. The normal man, when the criminal character of the woman had overpowered and obscured her femininity to a point where he saw only the crimes she committed, might take that woman in charge and lock her up in a jail. But that other man, who in the croppings of his own nature, makes the arrest of women particular; who hunts them by system and in cool blood, is not normal, but, on the contrary, betrays such obliquity of moral and mental sort, that while I do not pretend to understand it, I still feel he is more monstrous even than those sins he proposes to punish, or those frail, poor sinners he pretends to pursue.

Possibly the best prototype of Chapman can be found in the witch-smellers of an African kraal. Jangling a string of skulls, smeared with ill-odored essences, clothed in vile and savage skins, on all fours, like beasts, come trooping the witch-smellers among the poor, shivering black women folk of the kraal. They sniff and smell. Suddenly they lay their ignorant hands on some shrinking woman. She is a witch, they say. She is dragged before the tribunal in such case savagely made and provided. She is convicted the moment the witch-hunters mark her by their accusation. The executioner steps forward, the spear is sent quivering into the helpless bosom, and "the witch" has expired her witcheries, and the witch-smellers, gratified by their "kill," amble away to their snuffing, snoring, snelling, ignorant blood work again. Such is a witch-smeller, the Chapman of the African kraals.

Does not the same happen here? How often has it come to pass that some poor woman has been seized by some witch-smeller in blue, dragged to the police court to perish forever under the assual of "thirty days on the Island"? Bad women are bad enough, but such as Chapman, who, of choice, live solely to be their scourge, are bad enough; but a public menace still. Evil women must be repressed, must be eliminated; but a public menace still. Chapman, who has lost to dread from them than from the concerted weak, misguidance of such as Chapman, must have further defence. And the Board must see to this last. The defence can only come in the dismissal from power of such police mugwumps as Chapman; the witch-smelling tyrant of the Tenderloin.

Magistrate Kudlich to a Chapman Sleuth.

Such boys as you ought not to be on the police force. I should think they would put a few men in your place. I have walked up Broadway repeatedly at night and it is very strange to me that I have never been importuned by any of these boys. If you try to vent your spleen in this manner in my court again I shall have you attended to.—Extracts from a lecture delivered by Magistrate Kudlich yesterday to Detective Lezenbe, one of Chapman's star "Sleuths."

TWICE ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Both Trials Were Failures and Richards Was Locked Up.

Middletown, N. Y., June 24.—Robert Richards, aged thirty-six, a bookkeeper formerly in the employ of the Transatlantic Publishing Company, twice attempted suicide at Midway Park, near this city, this afternoon. He first cut his throat with a small knife, but failed to open the windpipe. He then tried drowning in the Wallkill River, but was discovered by the police and arrested. He was placed in Goshen Jail.

Chapman Climbed by the Window Into a Sleeping Woman's Bed Chamber.

Her Husband Swears, Had He Been There, He Would Have Shot the Captain—Chapman's Denials.

It appears from this that Captain Chapman, of the Tenderloin, is so earnest, so persistent in his pursuit of vice, that he pursues it where he must know it exists not; that he breaks into the chamber where an innocent woman sleeps and declares to have a right to do so, that he orders to bed men playing a harmless, quiet game of cards in their own house, and coolly asserts:

"It is in my precinct. I have a right to do what I think proper. It is no one's business."

Those astonishing statements that follow were made and confirmed by people who live in the house No. 122 West Twenty-sixth street. Of course, it is for their own sake that the names of these people are not printed here. The house would be made uninhabitable. It is a house of four stories, a lodging house, kept by Clement Lacasse and his wife, French people. Every one who lives there is French, too, respectable men and women, employed during the day, who seek harmless recreation after their work.

At 1:30 o'clock last Friday morning Mme. Lacasse lay asleep in the basement of the house. That is her bedchamber. The top of the front window was down half way to admit some fresh air. Mme. Lacasse was aroused, shrieking, by the crash of glass. Then she saw the figure of a man climbing in through the upper part of the window.

Now, Captain Chapman and one of his detectives happened to pass that way. They saw the open window. It is possible they may have seen dimly the woman's form within the room. But to let in fresh air from Captain Chapman's precinct violated all his rules. He let drop the upper sash of the window, so that the panes in it were broken, and climbed in.

Ordered Them to Bed.

When the French woman, scared almost out of her wits, saw a man entering her room she yelled "Police!" She did not know the man was Captain Chapman and that he thinks he has a perfect right to violate all privacy. The Captain climbed in, followed by his detective. They lit a match. Back of the house is a yard covered by an awning, where the lodgers take their meals in the summer time.

Some of the lodgers, men only, were playing cards in this summer garden at half-past 1 o'clock on Friday morning. For Frenchmen, that is of course a hideous crime. Mrs. Lacasse ran from her room to the summer garden. Chapman and his detective followed her there. The card players rose from their table and stood looking at the policeman who in his most imperious manner confronted them.

"What are you all doing here?" asked the Monarch of the Tenderloin.

"Playing cards," said the Frenchmen.

"Well, you go upstairs and get to bed right away," the Captain ordered.

"I guess we'll not go to bed," answered the players, who knew they had some rights, although they were Frenchmen.

"We'll go to bed when we choose," the Frenchmen said. They were Frenchmen, and they were not to be frightened by a policeman.

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PRIEST AVERTS MOB VIOLENCE.

Cries of "Lynch Them!" Stopped by Father O'Hara's Firmness in Whitestone, L. I.

Two Negroes Had Stabbed a Farmer and Injured a Marshal So That He Will Die.

They Take Refuge in a Hut and a Threatening Crowd Surrounds It—Priest's Voice Heeded and the Men Jailed.

But for the appeal of a Catholic priest two young negroes, William and "Thad" Norfleet, might have been—in fact, were in imminent danger of being—lynched at Whitestone, L. I., yesterday. They attacked a farmer and broke Marshal Henry Wendelstorf's head with a baseball bat, wounding him so terribly that he must die.

An armed crowd surrounded the negroes' hut, where they sought refuge, and loudly threatened them. These angry men were stilled only by the intercession of the priest. So infuriated did Wendelstorf's friends and neighbors become that for safety's sake the Norfleets were hurried from Whitestone to the police station at Flushing.

William Norfleet is a prize fighter. "Thad" bears the alias of "Theatre." They were robbing Patrick Reddy's potato patch in the afternoon, when Reddy ordered them away. For answer one of them stabbed him, and when he retreated both threw stones at him. Reddy called his four sons, and they were joined by his farm hands. The Norfleets took to their heels. Pursued by the Reddys and by other men and boys who constantly joined them, they ran to their hut near "Nanny-Goat" hill, on Eleventh avenue, and locked and barred the door.

A hundred men, many armed, surrounded them there. Reddy went to get a warrant for their arrest from Justice McKenna. Some of the crowd went to court with him, and the Norfleets, seeing that the crowd had decreased, dashed from the hut and tried to escape. They were chased, doubled back and regained the hut, locking themselves in again.

The Marshal's Careless Entrance. Marshal Wendelstorf returned with a warrant for the arrests. Arrived at the hut, the door was opened to him.

"You're both under arrest," said Wendelstorf.

For answer one of the Norfleets, supposedly Thad, swung a baseball bat. He struck Wendelstorf on the top of his head with such force that the bat was broken. Wendelstorf's skull was frightfully fractured, split into four pieces. He fell like a log. The Norfleets threw his senseless body out of their hut and locked the door again.

The crowd around grew angrier. News of the murderous assault spread, and to it was added the report that Reddy had been fatally hurt. Wendelstorf is popular, and his friends, arming themselves, hurried to the negroes' hut. Some of them brandished shotguns and pointed them at the door.

"Lynch them, kill them!" "Break down the door!" "Kill the murderers!" "Kill the murderers!" cried the crowd. A boy, armed with a bicycle for a weapon, rode up to the door. He was shot and killed.

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crowd and conducted the attorney to his home. Both whites and blacks stopped in town to discuss the assault and the incidents of the day, and further trouble is expected.

LYNCHING AND HANGING.

A Mob Expected at Fayetteville to Hang Bragg and See Clark Lewis Hanged.

Fayetteville, W. Va., June 24.—Joe Bragg, a constable, shot Tom Miller to-day at Stone Cliff. Bragg was attempting to arrest Miller, who was drinking.

Without warning or apparent provocation Bragg opened fire upon his prisoner and shot him in the forehead, killing him instantly. A coroner's jury was summoned and decided that Bragg should be held upon a charge of murder. The officers took him in charge, but encountered a mob, who attempted to lynch Bragg. The officers got him away from the mob and will land him in jail here.

The mob is determined, and to-morrow may be the day not only of a hanging, but of a lynching affair. Clark Lewis, the murderer, will be hanged to-morrow, unless a respite reaches the Sheriff before-hand. It is not likely the Governor will interfere.

MAY BE LYNCHED SOON. A Crowd Accompanied the Chief of Police in Pursuit of the Man Who Killed Mrs. Bladen.

Chicago, June 24.—Lonis Schimmeyer, who fatally shot Mrs. Amelia Bladen, at Hammond, Ind., yesterday, because she did not reciprocate his love, was discovered early to-day in the woods near Dalton, Ill.

A posse, headed by Chief of Police Early, of Hammond, soon surrounded the fugitive. Schimmeyer was armed with a revolver, and declared he would not be taken without a desperate battle. In the posse were Ernest and Emil Bladen, sons of Schimmeyer's victim.

After a parley and a hard struggle, Schimmeyer was placed under arrest. He may be lynched by the crowd that accompanied the Chief of Police.

TEN CENTS FOR A BURIAL. Kansas City Undertaker to Put Paupers in Their Graves at a Remarkably Low Rate.

Kansas City, Mo., June 24.—The Board of Public Works to-day began to economize for the benefit of the taxpayers by awarding contracts for the burial of paupers. Bids were advertised for and the competition among undertakers for business during these hard times was so sharp that Funeral Director U. J. Carroll secured the contract for the burial of paupers at the rate of ten cents per corpse, with a side job of hauling injured or ill persons to the hospital in his ambulance at five cents each.

He also has the advantage in consideration of his low rate of burying paupers, as patients who have failed to pay, and by this hope to get even.

Liquor Tax \$12,500,765 Since May. Albany, N. Y., June 24.—The total receipts under the liquor tax law from May 1 to date is \$12,500,765 more than was collected during the entire first year the law was in effect. The amount collected for this year is \$12,500,765, while the entire collection of last year was but \$12,485,000.

At first ill-health creeps up slowly, but at last it comes at a gallop and the rider is death. Of all known forms of ill-health and disease, consumption is the most insidious. Its approach is slow and stealthy. But at the last death comes with a rush. Consumption has been frequently pronounced incurable. It is not. It may be stopped—warded off—at almost any stage. But if the sufferer neglects to take the proper remedy in the proper way, death is swift and certain.

Consumption like almost all manner of disease has its inception in a trio of ailments—digestion, "irregular bowels," and "impure blood." They are triplets. One depends on the other, and the other on the other. Cure one, cure all. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all known remedies for this disorder. It corrects disordered digestion, invigorates the liver, regulates the bowels, makes the blood pure, and the nerves strong. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the muscles firm and springy. It soothes and invigorates the nerves. It tones up body and brain. It cures ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of consumption.

Mrs. Rebecca E. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was married I weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I was taken sick and reduced to a mere skeleton. I was treated by my doctor but failed to do me any good, and I fell away to mere skin and bone. I began to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and thank God and you, I began to improve. When I began taking the 'Discovery' my weight was so poor and weak, I weighed 140 pounds and have only taken two bottles. I cannot say too much of the medicine. My husband is one of the happiest men in the world. He says I feel better than I did the first time I ever saw me, and that was fifteen years ago. Well, doctor, I am a well woman, and do all of my household work to my mind and content. It is a miracle that I am cured."

Health and happiness formed a partnership in the garden of Eden. It has never been dissolved. You cannot have one without the other. Constipation is the usual cause of ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated granules. They cure constipation. One is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never err. Druggists sell them.

Do you read the "Want" advertisements in the Journal? They are useful.